



unicorn

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cover art by Lisa Almeda

UNICORN is published quarterly by the students of Loyola College. Subscriptions are \$4 per year; sample copies, \$1 each.

Artists are encouraged to send poems, prose and artwork for consideration. All submissions should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope; all are eligible for yearly prizes. Line drawings are especially sought. Shorter prose is preferred. Please send no more than five items per submission. We ask that you also include a brief biographical note.

Address all correspondence to:

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Member: COSMEP, COSMEP South, CCLM,
PEN Prison Writers Project.

The Carnival in Winter

Ice masks secured windows,
longbearded like prophets. Useless ticket rolls
stream in a tumult,
The Whip still as a stomped spider.
Closed arcades cradle fat pigeons;
starlings are vertebrae
on the calcified girders of the Cat and Mouse.
Once empyreal,
the Funhouse redounds in secret,
uncovering the frightened languages
of lost summer children. Sawdust
and snow collect in the Gallery, statuary
targets out of season and grown grotesque.
Unpainted, motionless,
hawks are in a forever flight, and
in the Mirror Maze emptiness doubles
with the cold hoarse whispers
of a trapped wind.

William Dubie

Mocking Bird

If you Must build a fence
let it be such a ring of song as this
turning round your roses
Let palings of light
circle shining above the ground

Let your guarding the flowers
be a recital of their colors
an invitation for your friends
to the fragrance

Carl Woods

After

long after we learned
to throw things and sing
and die for one another,

after we made friends
with oxen and grain, tools and dogs,
the bearded gods of home,

after unicorn and griffin,
skirmishes between pygmy and crane,
Latins and Huns

there were the two of us,
and what we learned to do
to one another in this room

awash in moon and shadow,
the sky beyond the window
bright with icons

of legend and hunter,
parable and prey, a love
that's ever ancient and new.

David Citino

A Child to Himself

The house-arrest of dark
is hard time. This isn't home;
home is the tree house
and the clapboard shack,
the grapevines slung above
the river bank. When we hack
their roots and swing out,
home is the air
we're in, as limb
by limb, we lurch downward,
barely making it back.
The brambles and sharp boulders
we swing over
are a kind of home,
though I don't want to go there, yet.
When morning opens
like a door
on water, earth, and air,
I'm at home.
This house is a mere stop-over.

Paul Lake

a horse called prince and grandpa sam

darker and brighter than the black puma
under a full green moon
glowing in the sweat of after-mating
is the tone of the coat prince wore
muscles pure and hard as stone alive and in motion
grandpa wore old bibs

and up on the old home-place
around planting time every spring
they return to crystal view

grandpa leading from behind an old plow
with words like "gettie up prince"

and "watch out for them taters"

George Mosby, Jr.

A Sense of Place

Gloria Hulk

Here the waves rise high and fall on the icy seas and white caps chew the driftwood logs of hemlock and toss them wildly upon sandy beaches. The steep mountains rise straight from the sea floor as the December sun shines through the dark clouds that hang heavy with snow near the top peaks. Blue icebergs drift slowly down the narrow channel. This volcanic island is one of many that are scattered along the coast of Southeastern Alaska.

On the South end of the island is another tiny island and on it stands an old lighthouse, a shambles. It has a curving staircase and an old broken lamp that used to beckon to ships at sea. Wild grasses and goosetongue cover the ground and close by Sitka blacktail feed and gray gulls circle. There is a mountain stream nearby and in the fall the salmon spawn at its mouth. The black bear and grizzly scoop them up with great sweeps of their paws, their sharp claws gaffing the silver bodies.

Walking North along the deer trail from the South end of the island are remnants of the Treadwell Mine. It was the largest gold mine in the world. In the early 1900's the tunnel they were digging underneath Gastineau Channel caved in and the sea claimed her gold. The foundry still stands a rusty red.

The dining halls are vacant, broken white dishes are strewn inside. The tennis court that was built for the employees is overgrown with hops that have climbed over the high fence and grown up between cracks in the cement floor. The flume still carries water rushing in it half-hidden in the rain-forest which is slowly reclaiming the land. The beach here by the ocean is fine white sand, full of mica, gold and pieces of white dishes. Potsherds for future archeologists, washed clean, smooth and round by the circular waves of this deep, dark green water.

Down past the old gold mine is Cahill's house, yellow and once magnificent. They managed the

mine. The long staircase is boarded up and so are the large windows. The gardens are wild, irises bud in the spring at the end of the lawn, and in the summer a huge rose path, full of dark crimson blooms frames the edge of the sea; strawberries grow nearby dark pink and succulent. Red raspberries grow further down the path in a tangle of profusion; close by is a pale pink rose path, full of those small wild roses that smell fragrant. An iron-barred swing stands tall on the edge of the beach. I swing there and at high tide I can jump in the ocean from high up in the air. There is an old tetter-totter too. And, it is like finding the emperor's palace abandoned.

There is a knoll behind the old house called Grassy Hill. It is covered with a blanket of hard crisp snow. In the spring it is covered with sweet white clover and soft grasses. It is easy to find four leaf clovers there, walking below the hill toward the beach is a dell. It is a small clearing in between the raspberry patch and tall cottonwood trees. It is a good place for a picnic. It is a short walk again to the beach and off to the right is a small pond, Grassy Pond. It is frozen solid and I skate on it. In the summer I swim here because it is warmer than the ocean. In the spring I wade out, stand very still and catch baby flounders and bullheads with my hands; I am fast and quick and have good eyes. Flounders are bottom fish that look like sand.

Walking North again over a rise I come to a field filled with snow; in the spring it is a blaze of magenta fireweed. Often I will sit in it surrounded by bright petals and sketch the mountains beyond. Nearby are salmonberry bushes which have cerise blossoms in early spring; by the end of summer, golden-orange berries hang on their green branches. The bears love to eat them and so do I. But the wild strawberries are my first love, then the tangy raspberries. I don't like the high-bush cranberries, huckleberries, currants or the sour gooseberries that grow in my mother's garden and the blueberries are only good for pies, jams and jellies. I like the little ligonberries that grow close to the earth in the meadow, but they are hard to find.

Looking across this island I see Mt. Jumbo, the mountain that towers above the thick Tongass

forest of pine, hemlock and spruce. It was a volcano and is rugged and snow-covered. I hike up the trail leading to the base of the mountain. The trail starts out behind a patch of blueberry bushes and winds lazily upwards crossing a stream where I can stop and fish for trout and eat lunch; on top is a meadow. Spring is my favorite season here. The yellow water lilies bud on top of large muskeg holes. The dark pink blueberry bushes form a ring around the meadow with their delicate pink blossoms. The purple and yellow violets are in bloom and bright yellow skunk cabbage abounds, the devil's club are turning green again and fields of beige Alaskan cotton fan the air, slender stalks that grow in the wet marshy places. Here and there a wild columbine blooms. It is here in these meadows that I find the lime-green bull pine, whose limbs grow up instead of down. Walking along the trail beside the meadow I soon come to an old wooden cabin. It is owned by the mine and consists of two rooms, a medium-sized kitchen with an eating area and wood table and a large bedroom with four World War II army cots and a cream colored dresser. Nobody lives here anymore, but hikers, deer hunters, and an occasional bear use the place. Next door to the cabin is the well house which feeds the flume. The flume flows from here down the mountain side to the old mine and power plant. An old man still takes care of the power plant. He lives in a big dark green house with his family and the power plant is all blue-gray metal. I can stand outside and listen to the whirl of the generators. I like to walk in the forest on top of the old flume and listen to the sound of the water rushing past under my bare feet.

In the winter the meadow is different: all silent, still and snow-covered. The trees are heavy with weighty branches and icicles dangle off their limbs, long, elegant, shining. All the birds are gone but the little brown snowbirds and the white ptarmigan. The meadow is a field of white and I can ski softly down towards the sea. The trout stream is frozen and the waterfall quiet, an ice palace behind crystal caves. The hard smoothness of the ice feels good to my touch, this frozen water, this winter.

Down below at the edge of the sea is yet another type of ice. Salt water is treacherous; it doesn't

freeze solid, it is unreliable and will break under my weight. Here are the beached icebergs that the high tide has left. Blue white treasures, gigantic crystals tossed adrift by glaciers. Glistening, wet, gleaming in the winter sun, some still half-buried in the sea, drifting slowly out again. And it is noisy here, the gray gulls call to each other, circling overhead. The ravens and crows are walking, squawking along the beach. The Taku wind is blowing down the channel, swirling, chill, singing in my ear. Far out across the channel humpback whales slap their tails against the water. On the beach kelp whips are caught in wet clumps of seaweed as the winter tide rises higher and higher. The smell of salty spray permeates everything and the dark clouds roll in from behind the steep mountains.

Suddenly it snows. Soft, furry, thick flakes, in front of me, behind, to the sides, holding me in a blizzard of whiteness, light: snow.

Winter Love

Love grows cold, I've learned that,
 but must it grow so bitter
 that roots split, branches snap
 and the life sap drains away
 so that not even spring
 can raise the bud?

G. Eugene Wagner

Regret

Asleep

he looks like a little boy;
His face drained,
wide open and gentle,
mouth loose and relaxed.
He holds me in the crook of his arm;
my head
on his smooth chest
rises and falls with his breathing.
But he mumbles and flicks his hand across my head
and it moves me
like a pinched stranger
jabbing me on the bus.
I draw a fingertip along his cheek,
ease off the bed,
and leave silently,
unable to look back
at the lean body
sprawling in the sunlight.

Sally Fitzpatrick

In Line at the Bank

When we meet now
By chance
You're a perfectly
Ordinary person
And this shocks me
Because I know
The skin on your neck
And the way your lips
Work mine
In white heat
And of course
Your insides
Front to back.
I've touched you everywhere,
Elicited every response,
Squeezed your mind dry
Of every porous thought.
Now I see you
In line at the bank
And you are perfectly pedestrian,
So our eyes pass by
With only an afterglow.

Laurel Speer

Passing a Stranger

Surely it was you
walking up the hill in that blue raincoat
running with October rain.
Our eyes met, and again
I felt the shock of sky
washing over me, brilliant river
of light rushing into my veins.
Behind the smile on your face
a golden tree defied
the power of the weather,
and the years fell away like hands
that reach for a sleeve,
then release it.

Katharyn Machan Aal

1924

After seven years
you finally got married,
and washed up the kitchen floor
late into your wedding night.
I really wonder whether
you just didn't know what was in store,
or didn't want to.
But he was a good man—
he didn't mind
that no one told you to wear a bra
instead of wrapping yourself
around with cloth,
or that garter belts were for unfastening,
not simply to hold up stockings.
You loved to play coquette while
dancing with him,
but then the band was on your finger,
and every flirting word became a fuse,
every glance a match.
The others found the buckets and brushes
drying on the kitchen sink in the morning,
and smiled.

Cynthia Moran

Rain

This skyline
is a canvas smudged with charcoal.
Forgotten shirts on tenement clotheslines
shrug boneless shoulders,
the repetitive backs wrinkled
beyond salvage.
The hooded heads of children
make them candle ends
in procession. They holler,
their words are erased in rain.
There are so many pools
for loose dogs
to drink from.

William Dubie

Who Poured Salt in the Ocean

Salt, let me down
to flounder in waters
this season of tears.
What makes tomorrow
seem so grand
that I can swim one more stroke
to that vicious shore
where lollipops grow
on cherry trees.
Ripped by honey thorns,
cherry juice and blood
turn brown in the sun.
Salt's an honest taste.
Swallow it and thirst
for the sweet
to die.

V. T. Abercrombie

Attempt

Night surrenders stars
to the grey accident of day,
making you sweep away
the smashed pieces of sleep.

Fragments of light reflect
from shattered glass,
blood on jagged edges,
no room for a face
only a place for the rain
to come in and the sticky wetness
on your wrist.

Bradley R. Strahan

Banality

Sensible people may make faces
but do their KP on pots and pans,
and practice all their well-drilled paces,
master terror with battle plans.

Such discipline might make us free,
throw armor plate over nerve ends.
Sly periscopes would still let us see
all the mad ridges and bends.

Robert L. Tyler

in the Blackstone Retirement Hotel

"strictly Kosher"

hair falls out
or grows uncontrollably

from women's chins

dressed in black coats
Patriarchs rattle

the Hebrew paper

 squint
dust into dust

women lean
on aluminum canes

dragged their walled shadows

to a bathroom's Jerusalem

 here

 we watch the elevator
like a broken clock

open its face

for a bent nation
to whisper its way out.

Jesse Glass, Jr.

Ritual for Snow

I have brought my finery:
a white satin cape
embroidered with blue stars,
a cat, two porcelain bowls.

Barefoot on a ship's prow,
anchored in disturbed waters,
I signal the dolphins
to come, to circle, to call.

The cat mews--
I join the animal cries,
commanding the clouds at last
even into my arms.

The snow fills the porcelain bowls.
I fling it to the fish
like wedding rice.

Lynn Tackett

Bone Song

Such a crowd of flesh!
You can't hear your bones
moving their marrow
in monotonies

moving their marrow
with glacial speed
through fleshy fjords
like prayer beads

you can't hear your bones
saying rosaries
moving their marrow
in systoles

through silent flesh
in plushy seas
as softly boned
as anenomes.

Lyn Stefenhagens

still-life with lilacs

leaving sleep for this moon-swaddled yard
where lilacs are opening
like long awaited gifts --- the blind boy listens.
he is dreaming himself a swimmer as he leans against
the fragrant, purple current.
his face tilts toward the higher branches.
all night he listens
as if he could hear the perfumed hesitation
of silence --- as if he could see the sky unpetaling
around him.

Gayle Elen Harvey

inside his skull gathering spices

he was the one man
she was quite sure
she could have needed.

she would rather
live inside his skull
gathering spices:
fragrant rosemary
cinnamon
sage and thyme
than sleep inside
his window box
in a bed of common roses
not his favorite color,

blood-black red
long-stemmed
though they were
the most beautiful
she had ever seen.

Dawna Maydak Andrejczak

An American in Africa

Strange customs. I put flowers into bowls,
pin pictures to the walls, keep to myself.

And sleep in this flowered costume
that clings and rises like a see-through dream,
hand out aspirin to anyone who listens.

Long after I'm gone my name gives back
these images. They hold the body's language
and dismiss it:

"Ah, Europeans! All like that..."

Margot Treitel

The Madman in Africa

Herbs are collected and applied.
Good waters poured over the head and chicken blood.

There's a laying on of hands.
Someone skims madness off like cream.

He's set free to track along the roadside
wearing a charmed life around his neck, stands

like a stone in the heart of European traffic,
telling us which way to go, collecting coins.

We find him in our shower house, drinking up our water.
A crowd gathers, lures him out with jokes.

Clothes dripping in one hand, wild,
he gives us loose-tongued speech
while cars spin around him.

Ojo says, "He's what you call in English....touched."

Margot Treitel

what is the wind a thousand
fragments of the mind an ancient
storm tirelessly walking through
the universe looking for itself
the dry blood of memory or footsteps
on the road to forgetfulness
what is the wind the cry
of the stars secrets stolen from
the waves perhaps a madness
at the silence of stones a jealousy
a raging suspicion a wager
against the sun and the turning
of the earth or a lover a lover
of the moon on a fragrant night

* * *

some night the past will come
flying back at you like an owl,
there will be a terrific uproar
and a mess of feathers, and nobody
but nobody will fly away
and yet the sun, the sun will be
the heart of another creature, another you

Robert Stern

where do they go
when the sky is a broken wing?
leave behind their tennis rackets
lock their summer houses, their diaries
"be back soon, 1881"

a rat's skull on
the table
mice in a green sofa

clock rusted shut/
gear filled homily

we knock on their grated doors
hear the wind boast
like a handsome idiot
"all asleep madame!"
find their regards scratched in granite
their promise to return
repeated

Jesse Glass, Jr.

CONTRIBUTORS

KATHARYN MACHAN AAL *teaches in the Applied Writing Program of Ithaca College and is Coordinator of the Ithaca Community Poets.*

V.T. ABERCROMBIE *writes from Houston, where everyone thirsts.*

LISA ALMEDA *will become an Associate Editor beginning with our next issue.*

DAWNA MAYDAK ANDREJCAK *of West Mifflin, PA, is not related to Katharyn Machan Aal.*

DAVID CITINO *has edited 73 Ohio Poets for the Ohio Arts Council.*

WILLIAM DUBIE *was exactly 25½ on 24 January.*

SALLY FITZPATRICK *is a sophomore business administration major at Loyola.*

JESSE GLASS, JR. *is still sticking it out at the Hopkins Writing Seminars.*

GAYLE ELEN HARVEY *lives in the fantasy of Utica, NY; raises artificial flowers.*

GLORIA HULK *is a third generation Alaskan. She's incredible.*

PAUL LAKE *teaches Creative Writing at the University of Santa Clara. He has published Bull Dancing.*

CYNTHIA MORAN *wants to be an expatriate when she grows up.*

GEORGE MOSBY, JR. *has been published in Glassworks, Images, and others. He charms us.*

LAUREL SPEER *could become a habit with us.*

LYN STEFENHAGENS *was 28 years old on the 41st of March. Happy Birthday!*

ROBERT STERN *has fallen prey to a sordid past.*

BRAD STRAHAN *belongs to the Washington Poets Workshop. He returns our rejection slips.*

LYNN TACKETT *is an artist-in-residence with the Arkansas Arts Council. She is a painter.*

MARGOT TREITEL, *magical, mystical, mysterious. From Columbia, MD. Ah, those Washingtonians...*

ROBERT L. TYLER *is a Professor of history and a Contributing Editor of The Humanist.*

G. EUGENE WAGNER. *Gee, Eugene really sent us some swell poetry. Thanks, pal.*

CARL WOODS *lives in Santa Barbara, CA, sends his letters to Savannah, GA to be postmarked.*

Contest Winners

Each Spring Unicorn gives recognition to the best pieces of poetry, prose and art published in the previous calendar year; a cash prize goes to the winner in each category.

The winners of the competition for 1978 are:

Margot Treitel, for her poem "Rauschenberg's
White on White" (Spring 1978);

Carol Gesser, for her short story "Santa"
(Winter 1978);

Kathleen Higgins, for her cover drawing for
the Summer 1978 issue;

Gloria Kendall, for her cover photograph for
the Spring 1978 issue.

Unicorn thanks Mrs. Mary Atherton, Dr. Charles Hands, Mrs. Malke Morris and Sr. Augusta Reilly for taking on the difficult task of judging the competition.

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